

Title: In your heart. Your hiding place.

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Notes: No warnings. Picfic written to picture of the same title off the website <http://www.pfotography.com>. Alas, it isn't there anymore. G rated. Very mixed metaphorically, sorry.

He bows his head and rubs his eyes, trying not to look in the mirror. He can't... won't look. Will never look again. How could he...?

He feels the impossible weight of the woven friendship bracelet slide down his arm, over the wrist bones and snagging on hairs. The first gift. The gift that binds. He wants to tear it from his arm, take scissors and destroy it the same way their relationship was destroyed. Angry. On a whim. No thought and no remorse.

He braces his free hand on the sink in front of him, the cool porcelain biting against his feverish skin. The other hand moves to his forehead, rubbing. Rubbing. As if it would wipe away last night. As if it could make him forget everything they ever had. Did. Wanted. ...Needed from each other.

He begins to chew his lip, fighting back tears. His hair swings in front of him, shielding him. A thousand strand curtain to hide in. No one can see. No one will see. A childish remembrance: "If I can't see you, you can't see me."

He takes a deep breath, both hands in front of him and looks up. Sees the light reflected, his image over a thousand times, mirrored in watery brown eyes. Swallows his heart, which seemed to linger in his throat and not his chest... where it was supposed to be.

He gives a weak version of his normal smile. At least he still has his heart. He hasn't given it away and it's not on his sleeve. It's safe. And he can hide there until the world is safe again.

Fallout only lasts twenty years.